

# BLUE-GRASS BLADE.

Vol. I.—No. 30.

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*Charles C. Moore,  
Editor*

## Some Pious People the Worst Enemies to Prohibition.

In this section where there are not many Prohibition papers, I think an effort is made to lessen my influence by making it appear that I am an exception to the general rule of Prohibition editors, in that I say so much against religionists who are against Prohibition.

I think my complaint is common among Prohibition editors.

It's the pious man that gets us down. Prohibition is not afraid of saloon men, nor editors, nor of one kind of politicians. But there is another kind of politician that I must confess gets away with us.

The saloon man, the distiller and brewer, and the Republican and Democratic papers who back them, do not give us any trouble; and the regular liquor papers that are edited in that interest we hardly regard as worthy of attention. All of that gang we can clean out in the conflict of brains against brains, just like the Germans did up the French in the Franco-Prussian war. Then a politician like Senator Jo. Blackburn does not cause much uneasiness to the Prohibition managers. All we have to do for that class is to give them rope and they will hang themselves. Really the Prohibition party of Kentucky could just as well afford to give up George Bain as Jo. Blackburn. There's one little tale they tell about Senator Blackburn that makes as many Prohibitionists as one of Bain's best lectures.

The story represents Senator Blackburn as being away out West among the Indians. The Senator has only a quart left of the daily rations of Kentucky whisky with which he is in the habit of starting out on the business of each day. The Indian finds out the Senator has the whisky and offers him his gun for it. But Senator "Jo," as they all familiarly call him, will not even consider the proposition. Then the Indian offers the Senator his horse for the whisky, but it's no go; and then the Indian offers his farm for the whisky, and the Senator tells him that he has only the one quart and that he is ten miles from his supplies, and that he would not under those peculiar circumstances give that quart of whisky for the whole Indian Territory.

At this point it is supposed that one solid guffaw will rend the air from the throat of every saloon man, distiller, brewer, ward politician and Democratic editor all over the United States, and that "Jo's" return to the Senate is made all hunky for another term.

This Indian joke has gotten into this stereotyped matter that Lexington papers buy at 75 cents a yard and print in papers at \$9.00 a year. It takes about two and a half inches to tell this story about "Jo" and the Indian, and whenever a Kentucky Democratic paper's foreman, in making up the forms, for the paper, wants something to "fill out," that will occupy about two inches and a half, he looks around with no more discrimination as to the material of his paper than a mason would use in the selection of a brick from a pile of uniform quality, and "Jo's" Indian and whisky story is just as liable to go in as a sample brick of Democratic wit as anything else of about that length that may be lying around.

It does not make any difference if right next to "Jo's" joke there is an account of how his friend Judge Marshal Buford has fled a drunken maniac through the city at midnight, and trembling with horror and bleeding from wounds has been captured and sent to an insane asylum; the same paper in an adjoining column may tell of how a well reared young man in a fit of drunkenness walks up behind our good citizen Mr. Wilson, and for no reason on earth except he was drunk, drives a knife to its hilt into Mr. Wilson's bosom, or tells of how drunken men at Falmouth, in Kentucky, with shot guns scatter the brains of a noble officer over the hotel of his own door, or how a drunken gang run a Kentucky Judge off the bench, and shoot at him as he swims a river, or how a "moonshiner" shoots United States Marshall Rogers in the back, through his coat pocket just as sure as he could have known it on credit.

window at night, while for months thousands of Kentuckians inquire anxiously every day if he is living, and reporters go to see and tell about him, and tell how his aged mother traveled through rain and storm on horseback over mountains, and staid by him and watched and worked day and night, until with labor and exhaustion and solicitude, her mother's heart broke, and she died, and they buried her while tears welled up from the eyes of nearly every faithful old mother in Kentucky.

The hilarity from "Jo's" Indian and whisky tale is supposed by every Democratic editor in the State to mingle most harmoniously with those tears, and the whisky-blotted Democratic ward politician whose breath stinks with whisky and tobacco, and the nasty tales that he tells is supposed to split his sides over "Jo's" ineffable humor.

The country Democratic physician, who talks at cross roads, and who from being with families where affliction naturally followed in the wake of his ministrations, and who has thus gotten to the hearts of the people, not second to the family minister, though the horse laugh of the town bummer is not required of him, is at least expected to smile when he tells of how funny a man "Jo" is.

Then when "Jo" catches a little United States Senator by the ear and jerks him around, there is not a paper in Kentucky, Democratic or Republican, that would dare to inquire if the redoubtable "Jo" would probably have done this had the offending party been John Morrissey, the New York slugger Congressman, instead of a little defenseless Senator, who may reasonably have feared to resist a man from a State whose distinction was whisky and pistols, and where the crime of using the latter was extenuated by the crime of using the former, on the principle, *"similia similibus curuntur."*

Then when "Jo" undertakes to bulldoze a fellow out West where they know something about pistols as well as they do in Kentucky, and the fellow, to "Jo's" surprise, is ready for a fight and wants to meet "our Jo" out on the duelling field, and every Democrat in the State that has been whooping "Jo" up is looking for a duel, the gory details of which the newspaper reporters are already outlining in their minds, there comes the mortifying intelligence that follows all the duelling fiascos of these degenerate days, that "friends have interfered," and the *amende honorable* has been served up with "Jo" and all the Lexington editors and beer jerkers just by our two lone selves.

But "Silver Tongue" is too much for me.

Now I am going to say the ugliest thing that I ever said in any newspaper or anywhere else, and people who want to stop their papers on account of it are requested to send in their cards all at once, and let me get through the job of taking their names off my lists.

I never swore an oath in my life; but last summer a blasted old stray cow got into my hay field and I tried to drive her out. The hay was the thickest I ever saw grow on the ground, and to run through it was as hard as running through a snow drift four feet deep. But instead of being cold it was hot as the dickens, and the sweat rolled off me like shot off a shovel.

I ran the durned old cow for a mile and a half through that standing timothy, and when I finally broke down she was at the furthest corner of the field from the only gate into it, and the field was enclosed by a new wire and picket fence and a strong, new plank fence.

That old stray cow had knocked down fourteen dollars worth of hay and was still tramping around in it where you could not see much of her but her horns sticking up. I was so mad I didn't know what to do, and I came so near swearing, if I did not do it, that I went to the house and confessed to my wife, and let the old cow tramp down about four odds' worth more.

But I'll tell you what I have concluded: When I do swear my first oath I am not going to waste it upon the desert air of a pachydermatous stray cow. I am going to swear one that the natives will recollect, like they do "Uncle Tobe's" oath in "Tristram Shandy."

As I said in the beginning, Senator Blackburn's case is not one that gives the Prohibitionists any trouble.

If you give a man a little arsenic, it will kill him, but if you give him a tea-spoonful he may vomit it up and it may not hurt him.

Senator Blackburn's gross views of the whisky question and of the Kentucky code, is a whole tablespoonful of political arsenic, and it goes down and comes up again with but little more nausea than a man would feel who had swallowed that much musty corn meal.

But the fellow that knocks us Prohibitionists out is that sweet-scented geranium yelped "Silver Tongue" by a sort of Hiawatha nomenclature. He gets away with me, and I don't know how to come back at him. O, dear no, he would not drink whisky for any hing. His great noble generous Christian soul would have given that Indian the quart of whisky and a Sunday School tract, besides and would have promised him a whole original package of whisky if the Indian would agree to help the neighbor.

Citation out of that Clayton racket in Arkansas, and he would have sent that original package just as sure as he could have known it on credit.

You see a noble generosity like that of "Silver Tongue" stands in striking contrast with that of "Jo" that would not give "poor Jo" even a drink of whisky. It's hard to down a man like "Silver Tongue."

Such men, like Banquo's old chestnut ghost, will not "down at the bidding" of ye Prohibition crank, and if they do, it's hard to down a man like "Silver Tongue."

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**Nancy.**  
Nicholasville Democrat.

Oh Nancy Hanks, get out of that,  
I love you like a brother.  
To Nancy Hanks goes off my hat,  
I love you like none other.

Oh Nancy you're the Queen of Speed,  
The gods on you bestow it.  
At the next race let all men read,  
And all the Nations know it.

Oh vag of fleetness, filled with grit,  
Eclipse O'Shanahan's Meg.  
And jocks in unison exclaim,  
"The best that's lifted leg."

**Kaleidoscopic or Moore's he can Chug.**

[From Nicholasville Democrat.]

He calls his blade the Blue,  
He fights the liquor red.

He went for a cottage pink,  
And how the blackguards bled.

Some hypocrites turned pale,  
Though robed in garments white,  
The press with envy green,  
Now vomit black as night.

On cadaver superstition  
He means to wage a fight—  
Reform all giddy girls  
In Yellow Silks to-night.

He sets firm to his task,  
A crank inspired, too,  
But his symphony in color  
Is Moore's he can chew.

**Mrs. Josephine K. Henry in the Southern Journal of Sept. 13.**

THE SALOONIST SINGING.

"Oh, how I love Jesus."

We attempted church a few days ago, and saw a 250 pound saloon keeper dressed in faultless store clothes, sporting a diamond pin which looked like a juvenile electric light, sitting in the choir holding an open hymn book. To our right sat a gray haired man, bowed with age and grief, whose son had taken his own life in a saloon. To our left sat a sad faced woman who had had one son killed in a drunken brawl, another to die of delirium tremens, and still has one who is the evil nemesis of her declining days, for through the influence of the saloon he racks her life with anguish and terror. All around me were men whose lives and fortunes blighted by whisky, widows who fatherless children who are struggling with this unjust cold world for a support because the saloon has robbed them and put their natural protectors in drunkards graves. And yet with these object lessons in the sanctuary a saloon keeper is allowed to rise in the church and sing "Oh, how I love Jesus."

If the saloon keeper has to be called in to help "enlarge the borders of Zion" we believe we will stay outside, and until the Church can offer something that has a semblance to the Christianity preached by the lowly Nazarine we want none of it. Church people have no right to ask where we get our theology from. We have no doubt that the very churches that tolerate whisky dealers and smile on them, have their eyes fixed on the poor heathens in Africa, who, while they meditate on the way to church twenty heathen these men have made. We suppose it is only the idea of a crank, but it does seem that duty prompted by religion would tell us to labor in our vineyard to keep our heathen crop down to the lowest possible state. What good sense is there going off to foreign pastures to cut down the thorns and briars when our own "woods are full of them." If a bramble bush is set at the door of the temple to catch the poor innocent lambs, how can they reach the altar?

"All men are created free and equal." There is not a shadow of a doubt about that. No one questions in this day that all men are free and some equal to most anything, but where is the nice little maxim in regard to the equality of women? Religion and politics only recognize them in the capacity of subs, when debt lifting, church cleaning, and tax paying are on the tapis. Under our present regime it rather looks like both Christianity and Democracy are dismal failures, but we are not of that opinion since neither one has been tried.

In the debate in the United States Senate on the admission of Wyoming, Senator Morgan took the ground that the ballot had an immoral influence, therefore, it should not be granted to women. Is that what is meant with so many of the masculine gender? If so let us work and pray to have it taken away from the ballot, let a woman's voice from the ballot box invade the masculine realm. How this woman suffrage question is distressing the mass backs. They are as much behind the times as the man that voted for Gen. Jackson in the last election.

The above is from a long article of this gifted and enthusiastic woman, all of which is just as good as this.

This woman writes me a letter on a sheet, upon which is printed a text from the New Testament and tells me that the "Rational View" lies as a hand-book upon her reading table, and that she wanted to lend her eighty-five pounds to turn the grind-stone for THE BLADE.

You see, she has the same complaint to make of these religious people that I do.

I used to preach for the Church at Versailles and she was one of my parishioners, and I could add a touching story to the instances of whisky ruin that she tells of.

You Christian people can see that in a case like this, where a woman has brains and strong moral convictions, your inconsistencies are such that the cords with which you would bind her to the church are scarcely stronger than cobwebs.

Think of compelling a woman like that to stand beside a 250 pound demijohn, all but the willo, and join with him in singing "Oh, how I love Jesus!"

You keep that kind of people in your churches because they help to pay the preacher, and I tell you it will not be long before Rationalism will knock you out.

Let me show you Versailles people the difference between that Christian Prohibition woman and you Christian Democrats.

I used to preach for you Versailles people, and when things got cloudy in my understanding of the Bible, and I told you all so, and got down out of the pulpit and went to plowing in a seventy acre field that stretches out before the window at which I now write. I believe there was hardly a man, woman or child, black or white, in Versailles that was not sorry for it. You all said I was honest and conscientious, and during the quarter of a century that has flown since then, during which I have lived under the ban of religion, you have never heard an intimation of anything I have said or done that was unworthy the character of a Christian.

You have seen me engaged with my paper in trying to overthrow the evil that has drawn the trail of the serpent over your town, and has caused your young men to suicide and murder, and brought sorrow upon heads grown gray since I lived with you.

You say now, just as you did then, that I am honest and conscientious, and that my work is a grand and good one.

The only money that I ever took for any preaching was what I asked you to pay for board in a nice private family and not one dollar of which ever came into my hands, and you would not naturally suppose that I had gone into the editing of a Prohibition paper in this whisky soaked country for the purpose of making money.

Yet, under these circumstances, though I have a good number of papers going to Versailles, of all of you who read it only one man has paid me, and he paid me but one dollar.

But as for this woman, "she hath done what she could," and that was to pay me the first ten dollars that I received for a share of stock; then two dollars more when she received the first number of the paper, and writes letters of encouragement to me and my wife in our most discouraging hours, and writes pieces for the paper full of brains and heart.

And yet the chivalry and Christianity of the church to which I preached at Versailles will grant the right of suffrage to that 250 pound tub of g—ts and withhold it from such a woman.

**Sensible to the Last.**

*Editor of The Blade.*—The enclosed article was published in the *Press* some two years ago with a request that answers should be given, and as none were given I then sent them to the *Transcript*, of which no notice was taken, and having much confidence in the editor of the *Gazette* and rather a favorable opinion of the *Leader* I request their publication in each paper and explicit answers.

**It is Said There Are Two Sides to Every Question.**

*Editor Lexington Press.*—To give the opponents of Prohibition an opportunity to give their side of the question, answers are requested to the following interrogatories:

1. Is not the saloon regarded as a great evil and injurious to the prosperity and happiness of the people?

2. Is it morally wrong to sanction by law, any business that is injurious to public morals and general good of the people?

3. Are not all citizens guaranteed equal rights to engage in any lawful business? The above being true, is it right, by high license, to destroy that equality by creating a monopoly and thus prevent those not able to pay high license from engaging in a business considered lawful?

4. The advocates of high license claim that it makes the saloon more respectable, thereby lessening the evil and increasing the revenue for the support of the government.

5. Has not the power that has the right to lessen an evil the same power to destroy that evil?

6. Should not the government be supported by a tax on the property and not the business of the people when that business is destructive to life and the prosperity and happiness of the people?

7. As gambling houses and houses of prostitution are admitted to be evils would it be right to license such houses and thus make them more respectable and thereby lessen the evil?

The above questions remained unanswered for several weeks and I then sent them to our honorable representative in Congress, Col. Breckinridge, and I will next week publish our correspondence. I request persons to preserve this paper containing these questions. Truly,

J. G. CHINN.

**Rev. Dr. Frazer's Sermon at the Funeral of the Murdered Dr. B. P. Gorham.**

The Blade hopes to print in its next issue the funeral sermon of Dr. B. P. Gorham, who was murdered by Democratic whisky. It touches upon points that the law makers of our country should regard.

**Democratic Memories.**

Some of these Democrats that live in the country are nice enough people, but they have such bad memories that it makes them appear to bad advantage, and people who do not understand this might suppose them to be telling that which is not true.

They can't recollect from one election to another.

Last summer, a few days after the August election, I was plowing in the smartwood—high enough to hide a yearling calf when the most influential Democrat in the city, and I hereby testify that in a half dozen of the most important elements it is the best fence I ever saw.

Sworn to, on the Dictionary, by me this October 1, year of our Lord,

1890.

**Beatty Fence.**

I have as a farmer used the following varieties of fencing: stone, post and rail, plank and post, barbed wire, linked wire, Virginia worm, picket and runner, and three kinds of wire and picket fence, including the "Beatty fence," made by D. H. Beatty, Prohibitionist and crank of this city, and I hereby testify that in a half dozen of the most important elements it is the best fence I ever saw.

Sworn to, on the Dictionary, by me this October 1, year of our Lord, CHARLES C. MOORE, Prohibitionist and Crank

other purpose than self-defence, it must be done.

There is not a man in Fayette County who makes any pretensions to Prohibition, who can not pay at least one dollar per month to the support of the committee, and many of them can do more. The thirteen of us who attended the Conference in Louisville, October 23d, raised about one half of the sum required, aside from the National Committee's pledge. So far as my books shows we have pledges now amounting to \$47.20 per month. This amount having been donated by twenty-one men. Our time is limited, having promised Chairman Dickie that we would have a man in the field by December 1st, this is the 8th of November, and you can see the necessity of sending in your pledges at once. This is the first time that the State Committee of Kentucky has ever been offered aid from the National Committee, and is it your disposition to ignore their support? Indeed it seems so. You may differ with the Committee as to their plan of work; if you do, offer your objections at once and do not keep them in suspense waiting on you to help them.

Most of men say they are not able to give to every good organization. That may be true, but we are only asking you to give to one. Any institution that tends to the betterment of society it is your duty as citizens to maintain and protect; and as you love to dwell on the fact that the Prohibition party contains these elements in its organizations you should make some preparations for its advancement. This letter is not unlike others that have preceded it, full of errors, but it expresses what I mean and just what the occasion prompts me to say. Accept this as a hint that you are indebted to the committee a sum not less than fifty cents per month and not more than \$100 per month, and which suits your convenience the better to pay, do pay at once.

G. M. BROOKS,  
116 E. Maxwell St.  
Lexington, Ky.

—

GLORY HALLELUJAH!!!

Three-fourth of the Farmers

Alliance Men are for Pro-

hibition.

—

BRETHREN of the Prohibition party and of the Farmers Alliance, I tell you we are on top yet. The Alliance Convention has not adjourned as I go to press and I can not give you the particulars, but THE BLADE next week will be chock full of Prohibition and Alliance, yoked together, and we are going to get there.

The next vote cast was by a gentle-

man who sat in his buggy outside

because he was sick and he was waited upon first.

The next vote cast was by the

gentleman who told me in August

that he was not going to vote early

any more.

The first vote cast was by a gentle-

man who sat in his buggy outside

because he was sick and he was waited upon first.

The next vote cast was by the

gentleman who told me in August

that he was not going to vote early

any more.

It was true there was no appear-

ance that the contest between the

Democrats and the Prohibitionists

would be close enough to induce

the Democrats to use any whisky.

But the good man voted the same

ticket as the man whose use of

whisky at the August election had

given so much offense to the parti-

culars, but THE BLADE next

week will be chock full of

Prohibition and Alliance, yoked

together, and we are going to get

there.

The best men of the Alliance

tell me that three-fourths of the

men of their party are Prohi-

bitionists, and their National

lecturer Terrell made a speech

that sounded just like George

Bain was talking and such old

Prohibs as W. W. Goddard and

D. A. Curry, of Harrodsburg, who

were almost jolly enough to get

drunk over it.

—

Reform at the Top.

If the liquor traffic is to go on de-

buching the masses till it shall have

made them all either fools or fiends,

the fortunes that are built on the

crusts above the volcano will be swallowed up

by such an upheaval as will make the

French revolution pale into insignifi-

cance. All who pray, all who preach,

and all who teach and make pos-

sible the legislation we need, which is

nothing less than the demand of our

national Prohibition platform, "to pro-

hibit the importation, exportation,

manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors as a beverage."

If we are to suppress the

saloon at the bottom, we need to

smash the champagne bottle at the top.

—

Fact vs. Theory.

At Clarinda, Ia., under a \$500 license

law, a tax of 1 per cent. was called for

to pay the running expenses of the town,

Charles C. Moore  
Editor

PLEASE X!!!

To all Editors to Whom "The Blade" May Come: Greet-  
ing:

Brethren of the Tripod and Plum-  
bage:

Allow me to state to you that this shebang does not assume to be a Prohibition elemosinary institution that dispenses gratuitous literary, high moral pabulum to a world that hungereth and thirsteth after righteousness.

THE BLADE goes to you on the supposition that you will exchange with me, and there are not half of you doing it. What's the matter with you?"

Fraternally, but indignantly yours, CHARLES C. MOORE his newspaper.

Three Other Subscribers to the Stock Of the Blade Decline to Pay, and One Asks to be Released.

Until this time sixty-one of the 120 subscribers to the stock of the BLADE have paid me, nearly all of them expressing thorough sympathy for the BLADE, and its conduct and its purposes.

A number of others have in the few days past promised to pay, and some who have paid me have volunteered to increase their subscription when I notify them, and one without being requested has doubled his subscription.

Three others have declined to pay, making five in all with Dr. Ockford and Judge Hunt.

One gentleman has simply asked me if I would release him stating that he was so poor he could not pay his rent. I have released him and have more sympathy for him than ever, and am going to help him whenever I get a chance.

Another rich farmer has very politely asked me to release him, but stating that he would pay me if I insisted upon it. I wrote him that I had made business obligations based upon his promise to pay me, that I thought it would be unjust not to pay me, but I would not contest it if he declined to pay me.

He is a thoroughbred, and I will be pretty sure to get my money.

Mr. John T. Shelby has plainly declined to pay me. Mr. Shelby's father was, I suppose, recognized by the public, who read my very sensational first issue, as the complimented exception in the committee that sat on the stage at the Mills speech in the Opera House here.

Mr. Shelby is the partner of Colonel Breckinridge. I believe that if the BLADE had been conducted precisely as it has been except that it had been as earnestly for Col. Breckinridge as it has against him, that Mr. Shelby would have paid his stock subscription.

Hon. Claude Johnson declines to pay his subscription, in a letter that is a model of elegance and gentility, and in which he encloses \$2 for the subscription to the paper and tells me he intends to be a reader of the BLADE.

I have responded to Mr. Johnson's letter in the politest and kindest terms.

One of the rackets I had to stand from the first issue of The Blade was a compliment to Mr. Johnson, as former Mayor of this city, that involved some disapprovement to the present incumbent, his successor, who beat Mr. Johnson by a notorious instance of the corruption in politics that The Blade is trying to correct.

Mr. Johnson was formerly a chemist and druggist in this city. I dealt with him and paid my bills promptly on presentation without any dispute, until on one occasion I sent by a negro girl an order for a dose of medicine for a child that was threatened with croup, and he sent back by the girl five dollars worth of morphine. There were no morphine eaters in my family.

Mr. Johnson was the inventor of a system for making *fifteen year old whisky* in seven days after it came out of the still. The full particulars of the plan will be found in the Transcript, written by me, as a reporter, but full of evidence of my lack of comprehension of his chemical ideas.

The plan will be remembered by many people of this city as having required that each barrel

of whisky should be rocked in a cradle.

For this purpose Mr. Johnson put up a large building on Vine street that was managed something like one of the "baby farms" that they have in Europe. Each barrel had its own little cradle and they put it in its little bed, and a nigger stood by with a rope attachment that worked whole rows of cradles at once and rocked them all the time for seven days, that anybody was in sight at least, and as now claimed to perfect the plan, without cessation, all night; the charm all being dispelled if the cradles are once stopped. Mr. Johnson had implicit confidence that that nigger would not one second allow one of those cradles to stop rocking any time through the night when Mr. Johnson was at home asleep.

I could never exactly catch on to the idea by which the cradle was to make the whisky get older, except the general impression that nearly all old people had once been rocked in cradles; and I suppose that in rocking the whisky there was a sort of lullaby influence, sorta of "Rock-a-bye-baby-on-the-tree-top," "Rock me to sleep-mother" influence over the whisky, that would get the fighting quality out of it.

Soon after Mr. Johnson got through working his whisky, a saloon-keeper on Vine street, who was at the time with Mr. Johnson in the City Council, painted as a sign on the side of his saloon the words "*Fourteen year old whisky*." I don't know that it was the cradle whisky of Mr. Johnsons, but if it was, that nigger that was left to rock that whisky must have gone to sleep and quit rocking and left some fight in it, for one of the customers of the saloon got his brains knocked out with an axe handle at that saloon.

But I have no doubt that, as Mr. Johnson says, he is in heart a great friend to the Temperance cause, and that his whisky cradle may have been intended to co-operate with "Mother Stewart," of Ohio, the dear, good old woman who about that time was starting the temperance crusade in Ohio, from which Prohibition has come.

The last party who has declined to pay me is Mr. J. T. Slade.

Mr. Slade is one of the pillars of the Short Street Baptist Church, whose pastor, Rev. Felix, is a stockholder of The Blade, who paid his stock before I was ready to receive it; who preaches Prohibition in his pulpit, and has most generously and Christianly endorsed and encouraged me in words on the streets, and in what, I have been told, were probably references to me in his pulpit.

Mr. Slade has made his fortune as a school teacher and as an engineer. In the few words of the inelegant note he wrote me he spelled the word *cancel*, e-a-n-c-e-l, with a plain dot on the i. I paid him once a large bill for a large job of surveying. While the guest of my house on that occasion he so aroused my indignation that under other circumstances I would have expressed my contempt for him at the time in stronger terms than I did. He described to me exultingly, in the presence of my wife who had a young child in her arms, how as a school teacher he had whipped George Payne most brutally, telling with dramatic effect how he made the blood run from his body. I never was whipped by a school teacher in my life, and have a contempt for all teachers who whip their students, and have lately expressed my unmitigated contempt for the way a great big double-fisted school teacher whipped the small and delicate son of Mr. John T. Shelby, when the boy, that I knew to be a splendid child, was acting the little hero to shield a classmate.

I was so disgusted with Mr. Slade after his story of whipping young Payne that I avoided speaking to him for ten years afterward. I told him at the time that his treatment of the boy, from his own account, was enough to ruin any boy. Payne, in a drunken fit, killed a man and then suicided. I suppose he whipped Payne because the boy did not spell to suit him.

They think if they can kill the negro law and justice will have been avenged.

But it will not. The low, ignorant negro that did the actual shooting that killed Dr. Gorham is simply an accessory to the crime. The people upon whom the original responsibility of the murder rests, are the leaders of the Democratic party of Fayette county, who make the laws that furnish that negro whisky, and who, last August, near that negro's home, taught him that it was right to get drunk, induced him to come from his home and leave the work of his employer to get drunk, furnished him the whisky to get drunk, paid him to get drunk, bought his drunken vote for the brother of the murdered man, the candidate himself furnishing a part of the whisky, as he told me himself, and the negro is turned loose as a madman ready for murder, as he has done, upon a turnpike of which I was President, and along which my wife and young son, and the unprotected wives and children of other citizens had to ride, and meet these brutal drunken creatures.

It is inconsistent with my claims to fight or quarrel or engage in any personal abuse, but these gentlemen are doing me an injustice which there is not a man in Fayette County believes I would under like circumstances do

them with ink. When Democrats make Prohibition arguments they write them in blood as Drago wrote.

It looks strange that the good and intelligent people of the country can not see and understand these things, or, if they do see them it is still stranger that they will allow it without a protest.

Upon investigation it will almost certainly be found that this very negro was last August furnished whisky by two officers of the law to secure his vote, one being the brother and the other the nephew of the murdered man.

The Lexington Leader, the organ of the "high moral" Republican party closes its account of the murder in the usual stereotyped explanation of Kentucky crimes.

The Leader says: "Duncan has the reputation of being a hard drinker and a quarrelsome man, and is believed to have been more or less intoxicated at the time he committed the crime."

You can turn over to the Leader's editorials and there is the everlasting old grind about Democrats and Republicans, and a lot of old worn out stuff about things in States a thousand miles off, but there is no suggestion that he should for a few moments halt in the consideration of tariff and protection, and do something to stop the cause of this crime that lays its bleeding victim at our doors.

Missionaries come from India and arouse our people to the importance of sending money there to stop the people from worshipping a white elephant, or to China to stop their worship of some little sticks in a flower pot, and they will raise the money, and send the missionaries, and sing "From Greenlands Icy Mountain, from India's Coral Strand," and feel themselves so intensely religious. But you may beg them in vain for a contribution to a cause that wants to save women and children from the wretchedness that has fallen upon Dr. Gorham's family; and the very people who will go and sympathize with that family and help bury their dead, and look for his murderer; good doctors and Sunday School superintendents and churchgoers though they be, will, at the next election buy whisky and will be vigorously pushed. In fact, the circulation of state Prohibition papers will be a prominent feature in the organizing work.

At the conference in Wheeling a monthly state fund of \$50 per month was subscribed, and this will be pushed to \$100 or more without trouble.

North Carolina will astonish the Prohibitionists by her progress.

Chairman Dickie's conference at Greensboro was well attended, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The state committee was reorganized, and a state fund of \$50 per month was pledged on the spot. The national committee has put the committee in a condition to immediately start an organizing work, and Capt. W. T. Walker, a one armed Confederate soldier, will probably take the field without delay. Chairman Dickie is greatly rejoiced over the energy and determination evinced in the Pine Tar state.

The new state executive committee is as follows: Chairman and treasurer, Edwin Shaver, of Salisbury; secretary, J. H. Southgate, of Durham; W. T. Parker, of Archdale; D. W. C. Benbow, of Greensboro, and F. L. Emery, of Winston-Salem.

Other southern states are feeling the stir and are calling for help, and promising co-operation. The work must go on not only in the south but all over the land. The outlook is cheery, the promise for the future bright. Let every Prohibitionist lend a hand in the work.

Give us Mahometanism, whose followers for twelve hundred years have been consistent Prohibitionists; give us Chinese joss houses and opium, instead of Christian churches and whisky; give us the religion of the Schiavones, with the legends of Thor and Woden, or the religion of the American savage, who hears the voice of his God, in the roar of the thunder, the volcano and the cat-attack; give us anything from Zoroaster's worship of the sun down to the Zulu's adoration of the fetish; give us anything before the Christianity of Fayette county that furnishes whisky to brutal negroes, and sacrifices the father upon the family altar before the eyes of his wife and children.

I sat with him under the shade of his yard trees and talked with him last summer, and he told me about his memories of the war, the neglected and discouraged farming interests of the country, and of the hopes for brighter and better times. I have known him as long as I can remember, and I never heard an unkind word of him in my life.

He never did to me nor to any other human being that I ever heard of, an unkindness.

The whole community where he lived, and where his stricken wife and children survive him, are distressed and outraged, and are trying to get the miserable, murderous negro.

They think if they can kill the negro law and justice will have been avenged.

But it will not. The low, ignorant negro that did the actual shooting that killed Dr. Gorham is simply an accessory to the crime. The people upon whom the original responsibility of the murder rests, are the leaders of the Democratic party of Fayette county, who make the laws that furnish that negro whisky, and who, last August, near that negro's home, taught him that it was right to get drunk, induced him to come from his home and leave the work of his employer to get drunk, furnished him the whisky to get drunk, paid him to get drunk, bought his drunken vote for the brother of the murdered man, the candidate himself furnishing a part of the whisky, as he told me himself, and the negro is turned loose as a madman ready for murder, as he has done, upon a turnpike of which I was President, and along which my wife and young son, and the unprotected wives and children of other citizens had to ride, and meet these brutal drunken creatures.

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It looks strange that the good and intelligent people of the country can not see and understand these things, or, if they do see them it is still stranger that they will allow it without a protest.

Upon investigation it will almost certainly be found that this very negro was last August furnished whisky by two officers of the law to secure his vote, one being the brother and the other the nephew of the murdered man.

The Lexington Leader, the organ of the "high moral" Republican party closes its account of the murder in the usual stereotyped explanation of Kentucky crimes.

The Leader says: "Duncan has the reputation of being a hard drinker and a quarrelsome man, and is believed to have been more or less intoxicated at the time he committed the crime."

You can turn over to the Leader's editorials and there is the everlasting old grind about Democrats and Republicans, and a lot of old worn out stuff about things in States a thousand miles off, but there is no suggestion that he should for a few moments halt in the consideration of tariff and protection, and do something to stop the cause of this crime that lays its bleeding victim at our doors.

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I Want to Get in a Lunatic Asylum, Or a Penitentiary, Or Something.

The Nicholasville Democrat is the only paper around these diggings except the Blade, that has got out of the old ruts of journalism far enough to do its own thinking, instead of letting somebody else think for it.

It says what it thinks, and thinks what it pleases. And when it comes to religion, Great Caesar! and Holy Moses!

If they would get a few copies of that paper scattered around among the pious brethren of this city, I would look so sanctified, in comparison with that fellow and his sheet, that they would want to make a Sunday School Superintendent of me right away.

You may know he is bad medicine when I had to call a halt on him about that piece he wrote against letting the preachers be legislators. You recollect, two or three issues ago.

I play the same racket with Pilcher—I am afraid to call him "Brother," in print—that these Lexington editors do when they sympathized with the bereaved family whose son they have got into an inebriate asylum, or a lunatic asylum, or the penitentiary, or his grave, or in hell—if there is any such place—and privately pat the saloon keeper on the back, and tell him to do it again, that's a good joke etc., etc., and makes papers sell.

I write old Pilcher private letters and tell him to do it again: but you better bet your bottom shiner that I am not going to back him in my newspaper. No, I am not quite solid enough with the preaching brethren for that racket yet. I may get them educated up to it yet.

It's a little noticeable that, being a Democrat, these saintly Lexington editors don't call a halt on Pilcher's theological views.

I dare him to turn Prohibitionist, and talk that kind of preaching. He gives me lots of taffy in his paper—by the column at a time—poetry and prose, and of course my vanity would make me want to print it; I give you a little sample elsewhere. "But who in the thunder can do any good with a blasted old weekly paper? Raise me \$5,000 and I will clean the state of Democracy in two years. I am a farmer, and the Farmers' Alliance and I are as thick as any other thieves, and I can work a combine between them and Prohibitionist that will knock the persimmon in two years. They will be a double team, working *tandem*, with Prohibition in the lead, and Hibler would give a thousand dollars if he hadn't a few in the track and gone back to the Democrats and the Demijohns.

Old Brother Goddard writes that he is afraid I soaked it to Hibler rather rough; but I have not heard of a Lexington Prohibitionist that has shed a tear over it, and some of the rascals laughed like the dickens. I feel sorry for Hibler, now that I have gone and done it. He's between hawk and buzzard. Judge Mulligan would not touch him politically with a ten foot pole, and the Blade is going to see that he don't get back among the Prohibs; and if he wants to join anything he will have to go in the Shakers, or the Republicans, or the Mormons, or some of those outside institutions.

No, Brother Goddard, bless your sweet life; you are one of these beautiful characters that "believe all things, hope all things, endure all things," and old Tolstoy and I have a model born over yonder in Syria, a couple of thousand years or so ago, that we going to try to work up to, and get where you are to.

I'll bet butter-milk that if a dog were to bite you, you would rather give him bone to gnaw on to keep him from doing it again, than to kick him.

Hibler would look mighty nice to a man who was looking at him from Harrodsburg to Lexington; but he's one of these cases where "distance lends enchantment to the view." The further of you get him the better he looks.

I think if he were on the other side of the ocean, and had no chance to get back but to swim across on a rail, I would like him too.

I think the sentiment among the Prohibs here is that I got away with Hibler just in time to keep him from getting away with us.

They tell now that he said after poor dear dead Brother Fisk, and Brooks, got so left in the suds, that "Democracy was good enough for him," and that Prohibition would never get there handicapped by women suffrage, and all that racket Damon got off on us at Louisville. They say that speech of his, where he flattened me out in

the Court House until I felt myself looking like a sick kitten, that the willipups wallups had run over was a sort of a spring board, so to speak that he was using for a regular seven elephant political summer-sault, and that he actually voted the Democratic ticket last Tuesday, but it never leaked out until I had got in my work on him, and the wind was all out of his sails, the bladder that he was saving for Christmas was prematurely busted, and the saw dust all knocked out of his doll baby, before the public, now for the first time, hears the announcement that was intended to shake Prohibition to its center.

In hard earnest I do not want to do the gentleman an injustice, but I can simply say that I have been informed by somebody whose name I have forgotten, and who will please tell me again, that one of the officers of the late election here that I personally know to be a good man, and a number of Mr. Hibler's own church, said that Mr. H. voted for the Democrats.

Of course, so far as I am personally concerned, I ought to feel sorry, and do feel sorry, for any man who would get himself in such a fix that he would have to go back to the ring Democrats of this town after having been allowed to associate with Prohibitionist. But I think the party that could make more money out of me by buying up a controlling interest of the stock of THE BLADE, and letting me run it, than he could make by putting me to bottoming chairs. I could get to be a "trust" easy enough, but if I were fixed there as I would like to be, I am satisfied that the things that I would tell from my personal experience with Kentucky Democrats, gained when I was a reporter on a Democratic paper, would make it healthier for me to stay pretty close inside.

The public has made a great mistake in supposing that in that first issue of THE BLADE, that stirred things so, I got all the worst things I could find against these fellows.

I started to say that the Nicholasville Democrat has a column or so complimentary of me to the effect that so humble an individual as I am, has engaged the attention of that conclave of Democratic Sons known as the "Con-Con," whose deliberations will go echoing down through the corridors of time in a kind of historic symphony with those of Nice, Laodicea, Ghent, Utrecht and Tilsit.

As I am an advertisement of the BLADE it gets away with that one of Brother Kaufman, in this paper, of the fellow that has a bundle of rye around him.

They say that Proctor Knott's speech about something—I forget what, though I heard some one mention it at the time—that occupied a little over two days of the "Con-Con's" deliberations, cost the State \$2,200; that is a little over \$1,000 a day.

Supposing this puff or "local notice" that they gave me to have occupied a day and a half, it would have cost the State a little over \$1,500.

Now, while as a tax-payer I would be inclined to kick against the appropriation for an individual benefit, of course I must gratefully appreciate the advantage done me as an editor.

But, fellow citizens, if there is any virtue I claim, it is that I will tell the truth without stopping to think what in the thunder comes of it, and I hereby stake my reputation for any thing that I may have obtained in that department upon my sworn statement, on the dictionary, that neither by offer of money or promise of political preferment under the Prohibition administration of '92, have I induced these gentlemen to act in my interest.

It seems to have been actuated solely by a general salubrity, or as Jim Mulligan would call it, a sentiment of congeniality, that would naturally be supposed to exist between that deliberative body and myself.

The Nicholasville Democrat says the scheme alluded to originated among Lexington Democratic politicians. If I understand it from the Democrat's editorial remarks and extracts from speeches that it gives, it is intended to afford protection to Prohibition editors against Democratic thugs.

The plan is to afford such Prohibition editors protection against

parties who propose to "come

around with a shot gun, and

blow the head off" of a Prohibition editor, and blow his brains out, and paint the circumjacent

part of the town red with his gore.

By the way, it seems

worthy of comment that when a Lexington Democratic Judge re-

jects upon the blowing off of the

head of a Prohibition editor,

there seems naturally to be sug-

gested to him a consequent

scattering of *brains*. But when a

Democrat editor and a Republi-

cian editor get mad and one pro-

poses to blow the head off of the

other one, there seems by com-

mon consent, to be no more

thought of any consequent

scattering of *brains* than if they

was hot as the mischief, and

were going to blow the head off a clothing store dummy.

This plan for protecting Prohibition editors contemplates the putting them in lunatic asylums, or in the penitentiary; the fact of editing a *Prohibition paper* to be *prima facie* evidence of insanity, or of libel, is may be preferred by the parties to the "friendly suit."

The scheme strikes me most favorably, and, especially if the Blade blooms out into a daily so that I can't go to the country Friday and let things cool off some by Monday before I come back. I hope stockholders in the Blade will do anything they honestly can to help the Con-Con to materialize the arrangement.

You see if they would put me in the Lunatic Asylum here, Superintendent Clark and I are solid, and he would give me one of the best rooms in the establishment, and I would get board and lodging for nothing, and run the Blade by telephone, and I would not be afraid of these blasted fellows that are "coming around with a shot gun."

Or if it appeared that I would not be safe in the Asylum I could get transferred to the penitentiary for libel, and I could mighty soon show the warden that he could make more money out of me by buying up a controlling interest of the stock of THE BLADE, and letting me run it, than he could make by putting me to bottoming chairs. I could get to be a "trust" easy enough, but if I were fixed there as I would like to be, I am satisfied that the things that I would tell from my personal experience with Kentucky Democrats, gained when I was a reporter on a Democratic paper, would make it healthier for me to stay pretty close inside.

The public has made a great mistake in supposing that in that first issue of THE BLADE, that stirred things so, I got all the worst things I could find against these fellows.

One of my stockholders, Williamson, the lumberman, gave me fits about that first paper.

He came to me and said: "You have made one of the biggest mistakes of your life in firing all that off in the first issue. If you had taken three months to get up to what you said, *by degrees*, there would not have been a man in the town that would have kicked, and you would have said everything that you have said."

But, bless your sweet life, that's just what I thought I was doing.

I thought I was starting at the bottom and going up "by degrees" most beautifully. The things that I mentioned I regarded as mere peccadilloes compared with the other things that I knew, that I was going to tell about Lexington politicians.

I was cutting bars at the time

I concluded to start the THE BLADE again, and sat down on Saturday, Sunday and part of Monday and I wrote enough to fill THE BLADE chock full for a month, so that I would not have to stop my bar job. I had these articles divided off for the different weeks so as I would have just to send them to the printers.

All of these weeks allowances had my ruminations on Lexington politics; my natural genius for expressing my views in English being greatly stimulated by my fresh recollections of the August election in Dog Fennel.

These reflections commenced very moderate, as it seemed to me, compared with how everybody out there was talking about Lexington politicians.

My idea was to let these articles rise in a sort of literary geometrical progression, until at the end

of a month or two I could safely begin to tell what I knew and what I thought about it, as Williamson suggested.

But, Jerusalem! If these little Sunday School facts that I printed in the first issue had any lightning in them, some of those that I had written for the end of the first month would have laid it over anything that Charley Stoll's lightning factory, out North Broadway, can do.

But, when I saw how the little things I said in the first issue had taken, you better bet I burned up the balance of the month's supply.

I want to be willing to die, when the time comes, and I can't help it, but I am not hankering after martyrdom that bad.

You know that summer before last, or the summer before that, I forgot which, was the worst bumble bee year that ever was in this country since Columbus discovered it. You remember that they caused the death of one of our most valuable citizens.

Well, the darned things made a pair of my mules run off and kick a brand new mower all to pieces, and run all the niggers out of the meadow that I was paying a dollar and a half a day.

It was hot as the mischief, and

were going to blow the head off a clothing store dummy.

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